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THE RUINS OF
VIRGINIA THE VALA

Mary Virginia del Castillo



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THE RUNES OF VIRGINIA THE VALA

THE RUNES OF VIRGINIA THE VALA



Del Castillo, Mary Virginia

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Miss Jones

Dedicated
To Thee, Mother

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THE IDEAL

My eyes are filled with unshed tears,
Like Ocean depths—their depths of woe,
Wherein are drowned the passing years,
The years that come and go.
Their phantoms in a cold mist rise
Before my steps—they onward glide,
I follow with aching heart and eyes,
On the swift night winds I ride.
For a fair shape hides in the veil of mist,
And it beckons forever and aye,
I'll follow far through the night, I wist—
I shall follow it 'till I die.

A RUNE TO THOR

It is cold on the heights, the earth-born saith,
The earth-born who clings to his bit of clay,
And he leaves me to go alone on my way.
Oh! the lonely way and the way of death,
The way that leads to the realms of Thor,
Where the eagle screams and the elements roar.
Oh! the throbbing heart and the bated breath,
And the One that can understand. Ah! me,
Could I but touch his hand on the way!
Perchance I may happen on him today;
But I must not look back, enough to be.
And Thor on the heights, with watchful eye,
Noting with scorn my lagging step.
On, on and on. Lo! Thor, thy cry—
I fear not, yet I perish with cold—
A roar, the lightning's flash I behold—
Whose hand clasps mine and what is this place?
Lo! 'tis Valhalla, and I see Thor's face.



LOVE SONGS

MY DARLING

The southern moss hangs low
Like tears that overflow.
The night winds come and go.
And oh! And oh!
I love you so,
My darling.

The stars light up the skies,
I see the pale moon rise,
I listen for your sighs.
And oh! And oh!
I love you so,
My darling.

LOVE SONG

I think alone of thee, dear Love,
I think of when we met, and where,
I think of all our eyes revealed
Meeting midway in air.

My soul is ever with thee, Love.
In realms mysterious and fair,
Amidst the fields of asphodel,
Floating in ambient air.

A MESSAGE

If thou shouldst call, Love,

I would hear thee,

I would know thee,

I would answer thee.

No power in earth below, in heaven above,

Could affright me,

Could estrange me,

Could detain me.

Where I am—where'er thou art.

Thou canst reach me,

Thou canst hold me,

Canst compel me.

Thou who art neither thou nor me—

I who am neither thee—nor me—

But one body and one soul.

MEMORIES

Alas! and shall I never see thee more,
Nor walk with thee along life's shining shore,
Where rainbow-tinted lights fall everywhere
On beauty never seen or dreamed before?
Oh! where are now those perfumed hours of bliss,
Those hours so like, yet so unlike, to this?
Here is thy hand, the same, yet not the same—
And what has changed the sweetness of thy kiss?
Oh! yesterday, return with all thy bloom,
Thy gardens redolent with sweet perfume;
Return to me, the love of yester eve,
Let me the interrupted dream resume.

DESPAIR

Oh! sad, sad earth,
To my heart so vainly calling!
Oh! pale, cold moon,
To my eyes when tears are falling.
So sad, so still,
So dark, so chill,
Though I cry to the sky—
The sound seems back to fall,
And this is all—and this is all.

Oh! hopeless days,
To my heart so vainly waiting;
Oh! long, long nights,
With dreams of love's creating.
So sad, so still,
So dark, so chill,
Till I cry—let me die.
The straining soul, itself doth rend,
And thus its joy and pain doth end.

THE SWAN SONG

I cannot live as I did live,
I cannot live alone again;
When thou to me thy love did'st give
I lived; bereft of thee—I die.
The end hath come, my heart doth break,
But see, I smile into thy eyes,
A dying smile for thy dear sake,
A song, a swan song for thy ear.
'Tis all of Love and Life and Light,
Of shining sands that do not slide;
'Tis all of joys that do not blight,
That do not end in pain.

SONNET

So, is the life lesson learned,
Thou who the Truth hast sought,
Thou who the Truth hast taught,
Thou who the Truth hast earned,
By sign of old creeds o'er turned,
By sign of the self-less lot.
By signs through the spirit wrought.
Through Love that for loving burned.
In loving, and loving alone—
To reck not of joy in the giving,
To care nevermore for receiving,
To see evermore fair Love on her throne.
For Love, to be living and breathing,
Is enough for believing and living.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

THE LIFE OF THE SELF

Into the darkness—mad,
All lovely, sad—
Oh! aspiring soul,
Restlessly seeking the all-perfect,
Deceived and led astray awhile,
Astray through aspiration,
Fault of thy greatness;
Grief-caught, involved in thine own toils,
Led onward all unconsciously.
Lo! thou art of the world above,
Of the all-patiently great,
The full grown ones,
Yet restlessly daring.
Knowing no greater height
Than that which lies in sacrifice,
Entire and absolute;
Rejecting all thy light,
Dost make the downward plunge
Into the darkness, into the swirling depths,
Oh! white bird of Heaven,
Mayhap to lift one soul
Through thy great knowledge gained
From former pain,
Sinking within the mire,
Deeper and deeper down,
Till thou dost see the lurid glare
Of hell itself, thou, an immortal,
Wild in the depths of Hell,

With the vile fiends screaming;
Thou with the Saint's face.
All lovely, sad.
One minute, one,
Till thou canst feel
Those souls' great misery
Who dwell therein
Long days and nights. and
Know it not.
So thou canst love each one,
Each foully faced one,
Sister! Brother! Oh! God!
God! the choking cry
From heart, to throat, to lip;
Tears rise, and the white one
Shines forth, all-glorious.
Tears rise, and the foul ones
Shine forth resplendent.
Victory! Victory! Victory!

THE OMNISM

No song but sings,
No word but wings
 Into the Universe,
To the heart of things.
No sneer but stings,
No kiss but clings
 Within the Universe
At the heart of things.
Here, there, everywhere,
 Are the central deeps;
No place but God is there.
God is Soul—awake—aware,
 Also when soul sleeps.

THE VISION

Oh! silken glory of the brooding moon,
Oh! wandering breath of the languid night,
Oh! soul, arising from a death-like swoon,
Tenuous, moth-like, in the misty light.
Beautiful brother worker in the passing now,
Wind blown about on your delicate wings,
Speaking to me the word that meaneth all,
The mystic word that chimes and sings.
Lo! if you pass on with me or without,
It matters not, for we will meet at last,
And if It wills, that time is now,
Brother, attend, for time flies fast.

Call of the invisible,
One, indivisible,
Over the waste land,
Over the marsh land,
Under the spell,—
Through Heaven or Hell,—
Speedeth the Soul,—
Straight to its goal.
Unerring and straight,
On to its mate.

NEPENTHE

Dreams of Life that fall to earth,
Close us round and grip us fast,
Strangling true Love at his birth,
Stupid to the last.
Cometh One with dew-drop eyes
Shining o'er the wold;
Holds on high a wondrous prize,
Richer far than gold.
'Tis for you, O Child of Earth,
Endeth now your quest;
'Tis Nepenthe come to birth—
Fold him to your breast.

A VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS

It was night, with a glory concealed
In its darkness, then the darkness broke
Into light, to me all revealed,
And the light-giver of the darkness spoke:
Watcher, with the inner sight,
Thou art ready when I appear;
So I turn thy darkness to light—
See thou and feel no fear.
The hour hath come—no recoil
Thou must be fearless like Death,
So turn from the world's turmoil,
Beyond the reach of its breath.
Doth it tempt thee? I'll brand thee, then,
With its sign—back to thy doom—
Into the human drift again,
Into its poison and spume.
Dost renounce it? Then on and on,
Though the Tempter threatens and whines.
Child, thy face groweth pinched and wan—
Yet, through it a brave smile shines.
Fear not the blue, cold lips and brain,
What of it? Fear and joy are the same;
An æon ago there became
A God because of thy pain—
Yes—a God because of thy pain.

ERDE DREAMS

ERDE'S SONG TO WODEN

Thou, who on many a battlefield
Did'st lead the Asen hosts,
To whom the Vana hordes did yield
On the bleak Northern coasts.
Thou Woden, thou wilt come at last
To claim the waiting Earth,
The Erde of the deathless past,
Who gave the Valkyrs birth.
Oh! Woden, wilt thou understand,
And to my song reply?
I, Erde, reach thee forth my hand,
And Skoal! to Woden cry.

I sing a song of Woden's might,
Who leads me up the path of gold
That endeth in Valhalla's height
On Woden's shining throne.
There shall I ever with him reign
O'er gods of earth and sky,
The foaming wassail bowl we'll drain
The Skaldurs all shall sing.
And thou, who on my darkness shone,
Ah! thou art Woden, thou
Who made me for a while thine own,
Yea, thine—eternally.

DOUBTS

And so, and so, the sad, sweet day is past,
Black night upon me settles like a pall.
Fainting with dread before thy throne I fall,
Oh! Woden, listen, for my life flies fast.

I thought to sit with thee upon the throne
Of proud Valhalla's realm; to rule with thee.
And so thy Erde's heart was gay and free—
Waiting in patience for awhile alone.

I fancied that the twilight of the gods had past;
The long two thousand years was but a dream;
It seems I erred somehow; so, now 'twould seem
The day you smiled was all to fair to last.

There was no turning *then*, my heart leaped high,
The gods awaken Woden, was my cry—
The twilight sinks not into night, but day;
Into thy outstretched arms I fly.

You sit upon your throne in state.
I lie here with my head upon a stone
So cold, so hard, the stone steps of your throne.
And is this Erde's fault, or Fate?

Yea! now I see, the gods awaken not
'Til all the fateful Nornas end their task
And write the answer to the rune I ask:
"Shall Friga rule Valhall, or mine the lot?"

If Friga share thy throne, then Erde rules the earth.
For Erde is the earth, here banished from thy sight
She spreads o'er gods and men the pall of night
'Til to the last Valkyrie she gives birth.

DESPAIR

SONG OF THE EARTH TO FRIGA

Ah! woe is me, Ah! woe for I am lost;
A lone star drifting through the Universe—
Blindly I stumble on, without a goal;
I did not dream how much a kiss would cost!
I did not dream so sweet a thing *could* curse
And for all time annihilate a soul.

I wander on and on, where star drift flies.
It blinds my aching eyes, it chokes my breath.
Prostrate, through endless space, I downward fall.
What dreams! doth Hell breed dreams of Paradise,
Bright dreams of glory leading me to Death?
Ah! could I so end earth, and curse, and all.

Lo! I do spurn Thee, and thy punishment!
Thou that makest me to wander forth alone,
Because of one short kiss and sweet—
So sweet, so dear, I never can repent;
So, though my lips are making moan,
Give them the chance they will the sin repeat.

PREVISION

They call her Earth, the grieving Mother Earth,
But Woden called her Erde, his dear mate.
For her he left great Frig upon her throne,
For Erde's sake he left his high estate.
And then the curse of death fell on the land,
The twilight of the gods, that Thor foretold
Would last two thousand dreary years.
This prophecy ye knew, but one, unknown,
Was made by Woden, when the great blight fell.
This told he her, Erde, his dear mate,
That so through her the withering curse would pass,
Through her made manifest in Vala form—
A Valkyr fairer than the Valkyrs all,
Than great Brunhilda, greater would she be.
So, with this comfort, sadly left he her
To keep her world 'till he should come.
And now know this, the time has come,
For Woden have I seen with these mine eyes.
Be sure All Father's word shall come to pass,
When we great Erde-garde's birth shall see—
When the gods awake and the earthlings rise
With Erde to Valhalla's height,
With Erde-garde the Valkyr glorified.

FULFILLMENT

Do you remember how, when mighty Thor
Did warn King Olaf? How he was to die
Because he had been false to all the gods,
And how, when Olaf would not hear, the curse
Did fall on him as Thor foretold?
So Olaf fell, by an assassin's hand.
Then though the great king died, the dread curse
 stayed
So all the earth was cursed and all thereon,
And this age was the twilight of the gods
Because the gods in high Valhalla were so sad
Grieving for all the misery on earth:
But all this had to be, until this day—
'Til one was born to love the ancient gods:
A grave Alruna woman, singing runes
To wake the people to the ancient faith,
'Til Thor and Woden come with Frig and Sif:
With Baldur Idun, Nanna and the rest.
The glorious throng that in Valhalla reigns,
Though sorrowing these two thousand years.
Neglected, scorned, all these two thousand years;
Thou, Woden, came to teach the people truth
When thou from Asgard led thy people hence.
Thou didst remind them of great Bor
And Belsta, parents of our race.
And of the one who did create
Great Bor and Belsta, thee, and thine—
Aye! thou didst teach them of the One,

The unnamed One; that One we did forget
And all the heroes of our Asa race
Who our chaste Vala's were, who, our Alrunas
were—

These, our fore-mothers, all forgot.
Forgotten? No! I raise again the cry:
Skoal to Valhalla, Skoal and Skoal!
And far upon the snow-crowned height
I see a glory—azure, rose and gold.
And in my heart, I know the curse is spent,
And soon great Erde's children shall awake
To hail the consummation of the gods.
Portentious, satisfying, all fulfilling Truth
That I have prayed for these two thousand years:
I, Erde, raise aloft the wassail bowl;
Come my Valkyries—Erdgarde, thou
My last and dearest Valkyr; come,
And cry thee, "Skoal, to Woden Skoal—
To Asgard Skoal."

CHORUS OF THE VALAS

All Hail! Erde divine!
Mother of the Valkyrien!
 From thy bosom of mystery,
 From thy love's profundity,
 From thy glory of Infinity,
Thou, Goddess of the Einherien
Doth come thy will and mine.

Free is my will as such:
As being—thine alone—
 Fiat mother born—
 From thy dark womb torn,
 (So saith the Asa-norn.)
Striketh the fateful tone
With satisfying touch.

Nornas! thy vision wide
Doth still my dark unrest:
 Mother of earth and sky
 Thy glory blinds mine eye—
 With Truth's finality
I sink into thy breast
Not lost, but deified.

LAUREL WREATH

Sonnet

(Erde to Woden)

As Sappho loved,—my love I now declare,
As Baldur by his Nanna was adored,
'Til she in Hela was to him restored.
As Dante and as Petrarch once did bear,
To Beatrice and Laura, love so rare,
So spirit pure, that unto Heaven it soared;
While yearning Earth in vain her loss deplored,
So,—love I thee, such love alone I dare—
To offer thee, who, on Valhalla's throne,
Doth wear the double crown of ash and bay.
Thou! Woden, hail! Thy sov'reign voice alone
The twilight of the gods shall clear away.
Yea, thou on Asgard's height may claim thine
 own.
Now, Skoal to Woden! Erde sings today.

BEFORE THE PORTAL

Oh! blessed Portal, strong and high,
Waiting through night and day,
Watching for Woden's haughty eye,
Waiting to hear my heart's low cry
When he doth pass this way.

My soul, O Portal, leave I here
And it shall surely be
When mighty Woden doth appear.
A sigh shall fall upon his ear—
His heart my face shall see.

For me his longing eye shall seek—
Yes, as when first we met:
No more my voice, so low and meek
But loud within his soul shall speak,
And he shall *not forget*.

And one day cometh on apace
When in this purpling shade
I'll meet great Woden face to face;
Shall stand before him and embrace,
Laughing and unafraid.

And I shall walk by Woden's side
And the whole world shall see
Great Erd' exult in all her pride—
For I am Erde, Woden's bride.
And Erde's spouse is he.

ERDE'S LAST RUNE

I, Erde, am awake—
Mine hour is come;
And my wassails make
Valhall resound.

Woden, my dreams were mad;
Woden, forgive.
Thy Friga's heart was sad
In the Earth-dream.

Frig' dreamed Thee faithless,
And Erd, thy mate
Dreamed ye passed, scathless,
Thou and thy mate.

Awhile, yea, awhile, Thou
Under my spell
Made Thee a dream vow
Erde to win.

Erde, thy Earth mate
A mother seemed,
So seemed ye to create
The Valkyr's nine.

Ho, what a dream was mine
Knowing it not;
Yea, and my dream was thine:
We being One.

Then Thy strength broke the spell.
My love helping;
Breaking the bonds of Hel,
Baldur ariseth.

Now joy fills all Valhall;
Death is no more;
Loke shall drink his gall,
And end his reign.

Once more the wassail bowl,
Fill we with mead;
The Skull yields up its soul,
In self-lessness.

Drink Vikings, Valkyries brave!
Drink to the Dawn.
Life riseth from the grave,
The Gotter-damerung.

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